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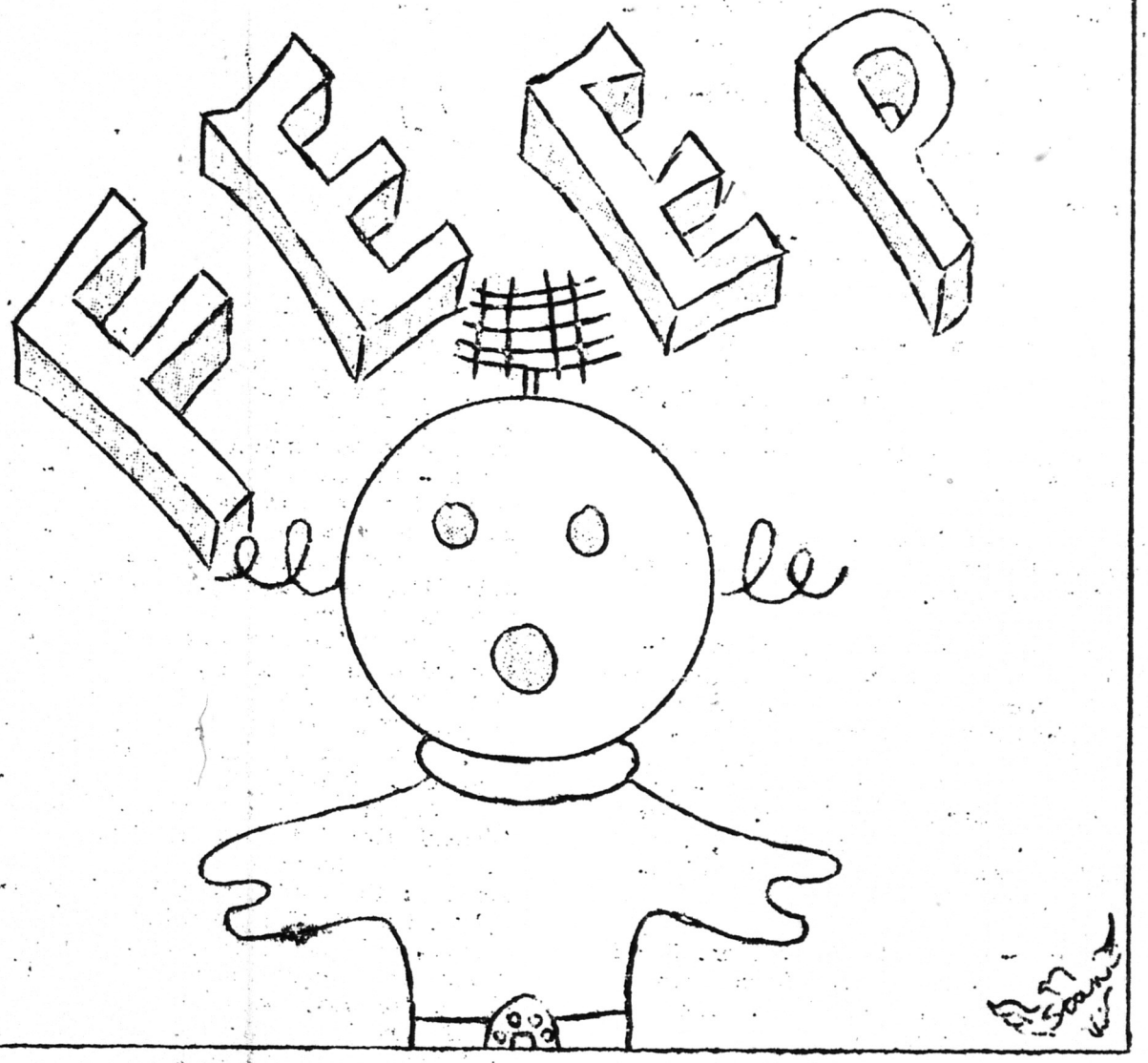

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damascus free press

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No photos or complicated drawings in your ads please!

Classified Ad Rates - 30¢ for the first 10 words or less and 1¢ for each additional word.

The editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and will return only those accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

We have an article exchange program with the following papers - Green Groad, The Strait Coalition, The New Penelope, Lancaster Free Press, The Roach, Homesick Blue, Concord Union-Leader.

The Gang - Mary Beth Van Petten, Carol Steele, Laura Cobb, Gary Cobb, Brian Cobb, Mike Barker

Contributers - Steve Wright, Richard Wirick, Robyn Lee Scarchilli, Paula Reisenwitz, Thomas Parry, Roger W. Miller, Tom McGovern, Stan Matis, Marilyn Levenson, Moonyean Grosch, Lewis Calvin Goodman, Karen Farabaugh, George Bunsfield, Terri Anne Birk

Apologia:

HIGH!

This issue is kinda abbreviated. This, my friends, is due to - you guessed it - no money. I ain't kiddin. We got 10 bucks in the kitty after this issue and no more. We're gonna have to continue having only six pages - instead of our usual ten - or we may have to slim down even further, unless we come up with some dough. We're doing what we can in the way of soliciting advertising, setting up ad exchange programs with other papers, etc., but we're gonna need your help. Advertise in our thing, resubscribe for a couple of years in advance, drum up potential subscribers and advertisers, send a financial contribution - anything. PLEASE? Cause we need it.

To all people who are listed as 'Contributers' in the staff box and to all people who want to become staff writers: the position of 'staff writer' on our staff is nothing. It's cowpee, chicken manure, it's a lot of paper work for us and no special priveleges for you. We don't have the staff here in Damascus to organize assignments or anything. So if a majority of the staff writers don't raise any objections, we'll just wipe out the term. Kill it, annihilate it, castrate it. However, would everyone please continue to send in your stuff.

-B.C.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH FROM HUBERT HUMPHREY --

ALSO-RAN

"Everyone knows the war is going to end. You can't get an argument anywhere around the country now on Vietnam." -INS

B A C K T A L K

brian:

so often the outcries against The Establishment sound as the whinings of those who, when they were kids, would demand new teams if they found themselves behind at the end of the first inning. so let us now praise liz hammond (A RADICAL SOLUTION TO SINGLE-FAMILY LIVING, DFP, May, 1969 - Ed.), who has chosen to solve rather than whine. here we have a nice lady with practical design for an Answer; please ask her to keep a space for me in her commune . . .

stan matis

jefferson, massachussetts

B O O K R E V I E W

In Touch, John Steinbeck IV

202 pages

"There is no central market for marijuana in Vietnam, it is more easily found than a pack of Lucky Strikes. It is simply a way of life. When the realization strikes home (his attention having been otherwise averted by the fact that each day may be his last), the average soldier sees that for all intents and purposes the entire country is stoned. For the kid who has spent the last few years of his life going through much shoe leather and money trying to locate the weed, Vietnam is the garden he has always dreamed about. And to think that the Army sent him there!"

So reads a paragraph of In Touch by the hobo son of The Novelist, John Steinbeck IV. The book consists of three parts; At War, At Home, and At Ease. The first part tells of his experience in South Vietnam, beginning in June of 1966. He takes it all with hard eloquence, calmly recalling every bar and every gun and every whore; he sometimes tinkers with their culture's dents and assets provided by the war:

Book Review
In Touch, continued

"How insane that people should be fighting and dying and at the same time provide a cordite-flavored stage show with a military cocktail crowd while Filipino rock-and-roll dancers and singers at the bar provide a musical background. The drums and cymbals would sometimes sizzle with a concussion of a nearby explosion..."

At Home tells of his arrest with Ian Fralich of Washington's "Source" and his marijuana trial. He ponders back over the whole mess with a direct easiness; the aquittal, his shuck with Agents Parnatta and McKinnon, and his testifying before the Senate Subcommitee on Juvenile Delinquency.

The juiciest piece of this one year bio-diary is the last section "At Ease," which builds a solid framework around his philosophy (he wrote it driving west across the country). It can only be deduced and described by one who digests it for himself. Mr. Steinbeck's fantastic outlook and natural humanism makes this book very worthwhile reading.

Richard Wirick

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more backtalk

To you all,

I got your fourth issue the other day. DFP has certainly changed, not for the better or the worse, but you've changed.

Who is this Stan Matis, anyway? He's really GOOD. He's the best part of your paper. I'd even say he's a GENIUS, and the next time you write to him you can tell him John Beadle of the NEW PENELOPE said that.

John Beadle
NEW PENELOPE

Phoenix, Arizona

THE SNITS OF AUGUST
(pull them snits, part two)

Grampa was sitting at the kitchen table looking down at the morning newspaper, and we could all tell that he was becoming very irritated.

"Look 'a this," he mumbled, pointing down at the news, "goddam hippies throwin' rocks at the cops in Chicago. Peace fags, that's what they am; peace fags, niggers, 'n McCarthy queers."

"McCarthy queers?"

"You know, that Governor there, McCarthy, the one that wants peace . . . there's a paradox to this crotch! Peace?"

"Peace. The absence of conflict . . ."

"Poor people. That Resucitation City there, the one the poverty fags built down in Washington. They should've gassed them people. They should've killed 'em. Faggots, all of 'em . . ."

"Not all of 'em. Some of 'em were women."

"Lesbian pot smokers. We were poor once, but we weren't queer. We didn't beg neither. All of these welfare creeps. You know who I'm voting for? That George Rockwell fella!"

"He's dead."

"Huh?"

"They shot him."

"The faggots?"

"One of his Nazi buddies. Killed him at a laundromat."

"Goddamn. He was a good man, too; you could tell. He smoked a pipe."

"Tonight they're gonna broadcast Mr. Humphrey's acceptance speech."

"Humphrey? That li'l . . . Humphrey?"

"Yes. Didn't you watch the balloting last night?"

"Humphrey got it?"

"Yeah."

"Goddamn. And Rockwell's dead, you say . . ."

Stan Matis

A REFLECTION

In those quiet hours of the night, when all the universe is slumbering, he said to her, "I love you." And the words perplexed her, but she listened to them. She heard their urgency, their sincerity. Then, perhaps without really knowing what she was uttering, she timidly repeated them.

So it began, the timeless hours of happiness when two hearts are joined in a wordless bond. They walked together in misty rain, and they held each other's hand. They sat in silence, watching the world about them, and they knew each other's thoughts.

Yet she was a strange girl, and she was unused to being close to another. For she had already known so many of the moments that she had with him, all alone. It was different now, and as this joy filled her heart more and more, her inner soul suffered.

She had, it was true, found one who shared many of her feelings. Yet he lived in their manner, and he had never been in exile. The girl knew that he would never really enter her sphere. She wasn't sure that she wanted him to.

In the depths of her gentle honesty, she realized that in finding him she had lost herself. How sad, she reflected, that things should have to be that way. But she was meant to leave, to go her own way, to follow her lonely path.

And years later, she would remember those tranquil moments, and perhaps she would cry. Yet she would always return to her solitude.

Marilyn Levenson

EMPTINESS ON A KENTUCKY TUESDAY

the pawnbroker of souls chained
lazarus to a bible
they hung gods on the wall
nailed slaves to a contract
watched the haging tree of christianity
and disorganized decay threaten their bodies

i smell pounding anxiety echo through my nostrils

how can i feel like the dead
or faceless clouds resting in the grave
in moldy thick tight air
under the hot sun and black dirt

the lack of emptiness on a kentucky tuesday
sweetened the horror
cold eyes write hate across their faces
furniced cheeks said i'm alone

on my way out lampshades hung upside down
solicit madness
while the trumpet wailed spiritual blues
the piano fell down drunk
and the clarinet cried

r.h. webb

INNER EDGE OF MY MIND

Loneliness
crys out like a frightened child in the dark.
Love
flows freely like a stream full of melted snow.
Wonder
reaches out like a child wanting to be picked up.

And I want to be back again
With you
Walking barefoot in the grass
Running wildly on the ocean's edge
Risking everything for the everlasting joy
in living.

To be alone is
To be unloved is
To be nothing.
Wonder . . .
is the product
of a searching mind.

Sharon J. Ensley

WASHINGTON, D.C.

The District of Columbia
was green that year.

There were people, too.
A lot of lonely people.

I'd like to think
that there was
one, perhaps
whom I made friends with
while rolling down hills
at the zoo.

But Washington
was green
that year
and
so was I.

Sally Richeson

TALKIN' SECOND AM-REV BLUES

It's coming, this thing that's bigger than both of us, / so much bigger that it's gonna swallow this whole nation just as if it were the thirteen colonies it once was. / It's gonna take you and me and make us a whole lot different than we are now or ever have been. / And afterwards we won't live the life we're used to anymore / and the cities may not be as many or as big then as they are now / and there will most likely be a lot fewer useless people living in circles / and a lot more people that live proud.

It'll come like a hurricane or maybe a tidal wave, / but I'm pretty sure it'll leave like a tamed lion or maybe a lamb. / While it's here, the atmosphere may be a trifle changeable, and there'll doubtless be a lot of thunder-and-lightning storms, / but when it's gone the skies'll be blue again, or perhaps green, but anyways quiet and peaceful, more so than today.

Now maybe you'll still love me, afterwards and maybe I'll still love you, / I can't say, / cause this thing is bigger than both of us and/or love, and a whole lot meaner. / We may still be in love after / but one thing I do know, / while it's here there's no room for love, cause that time is going to be a stamping time, a yelling, throwing, smashing time, a changing time, and one that moves fast. / Love can only be a shadow in a time like that, / and that's the time that's coming.

And it's coming soon, lord, yes. / I can smell it in the air, like spring only deadlier, like winter only livelier. / But it's there. / It's walking this way, covered in haze, / walking slow but relentlessly, and it's getting closer and closer all the time. / It'll be here soon.

Lys Ann Taylor

UNCLASSIFIED

Let's legalize pot! Free information for a stamped self-addressed envelope. Post Office Box 57981-F, Los Angeles, California 90057.

Greetings establishment! And merry Christmas to Chrissy, Mike, and Ashley! I personally "decorated" your landlord's yard. By now I'm rid of Wirt. Grandma and Grandpa say hi. Everybody misses you guys. Hang on in there, Karen Baron.

Damascus Free Press
24524 Fossen Street
Damascus, Md. 20750

Dear ad-exchange papers: Sorry about not being able to run your ads this month. We were kinda short of space. Will run them next issue.